

*Antislavery Institute*

# SPIRITUAL

# TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 200.

## The Principles of Nature.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY REV. JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

And behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him.—Matt. 17:3

The disciples of Jesus beheld Moses and Elias talking with their Master. This purports to be the statement of a fact—a fact just as much to be relied on as the statement that the Saviour preached the Sermon on the Mount—that he healed all manner of diseases among the people, or any other account in the Gospel record. The whole story of this wonderful event is as follows: "And Jesus said unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, there be some that stand here that shall not taste of death till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power." And to give them some signs and indications of the coming of this spiritual kingdom—of his connection with the spiritual world, and the great prophets and teachers of old, now inhabiting it—he takes with him Peter and James and John—these alone—three friends peculiarly endowed, more intimate with Jesus, and doubtless more advanced in spiritual things than the rest of his disciples—and leads them up into a high mountain, apart by themselves, up into the purer, more ethereal and spiritual air—nearer, as it were, to the heavenly world—on the serene lights where, far from the noise and tumult of the world, with no fear of human intrusion, in the solitude of nature and of God, he might not only hold more uninterrupted communion with beings from those radiant spheres on high, but where he might exhibit to these three chosen friends something of the wonders and the glories of immortal and spiritual land. And we read that he was transfigured before them, and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light; or in another and more graphic description, "his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow," so that no potter's earth can whiten them; and there appeared unto them "Moses and Elias, and they were talking with Jesus." Another account adds, "who appeared in glory and spoke of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."

Such, with certain variations and additions of the different biographers of Jesus, is a statement of what I can not but regard as a most marvelous phenomenon—a most wonderful and striking event in the life of Jesus—a fact so peculiar that, had it occurred and been recorded in the present material age—an age so universally and utterly skeptical in regard to spiritual manifestations—it would hardly have gained any credence save among the simplest minds. For nothing could be more out of the common course of events—more preternatural, strange and marvelous—than the occurrence of such a phenomenon as this. Two ancient prophets—the great lights and mightiest teachers of the Hebrew nation—Spirits that long centuries ago had passed away from earth—not only manifest themselves to Jesus, but are seen even by three of his chosen friends and disciples, conversing with their Master as with a well-known and beloved friend.

Such is one of the greatest wonders, the most striking and peculiar events of which we have any account in the Gospel record, and which may be properly classified under the general term of miracle, by which I understand some marvelous spiritual phenomenon—some work wrought through the influence of a mysterious invisible agency. In this materialistic age, indeed not only are the facts of such phenomena being called in question, but even the possibility of such a thing as a miracle is doubted by very many people, tacitly, perhaps, but still I think quite universally; while there are not a few men, distinguished by a grand courage and a singular intellectual boldness, who very publicly deny and reject every account of miracles whatsoever. Of this wholesale rejection of the miraculous, Prof. Strauss of Germany, and Parker of America, are very famous instances. Both of them are noted for very extensive learning, illustrious scholarship, and exalted moral and religious character. Indeed all the various theories of miracles that are commonly held among us, practically deny the spiritual origin of these phenomena. The most common theory of Christian miracles—that which is most in vogue among the great herd of unthinking theologians is, if I mistake not, that these various wonderful works were wrought, and the strikingly marvelous events that occurred in the life of Jesus took place, in opposition to the laws of nature, as a sign of his authority and a proof of his divine mission, without any intelligence in regard to the cause and mode of operation on the part of Jesus himself. Of course he was supposed by this theory to be but a blind, unconscious medium of an almighty power, and these miracles are to be regarded as no evidence of any spiritual insight or divine and spiritual force in the Saviour. Another theory seeks to explain these wonders by referring them to common material causes, and thus endeavor to do away with all that is mysterious and miraculous, and therefore with all that is spiritual in them; while a third and most modern view of the subject rejects the facts and denies the possibility of miracles altogether. Such is the view adopted, especially by the friends and followers of Strauss and Parker; and regarding miracles as events taking place, and events performed, in direct opposition to Nature and in violation of her laws, I, too, should say that a miracle was an utter impossibility. But I see no sort of necessity of regarding these occurrences as a violation or contravention of the laws of Nature. To suppose that God would act in violation of his own laws—would set them aside under any circumstances whatever—would be to suppose that such laws were inadequate, imperfect, and not the wisest and best. Any change in the modes of divine

action, or interruption of the divine laws by the omniscient, all-wise Law-giver, would be an act of condemnation passed upon such modes and laws, and a denial of the omniscience and perfection of the great Creator—of him who is the same yesterday, to day and forever—with whom is no variableness nor even shadow of turning. But I see no sort of necessity of regarding the Christian miracles as violations or contraventions of the laws of Nature or of the regular, intelligent, all-wise and all-perfect modes of divine action. To my mind these miracles have a spiritual origin. Shall I who dwell in an humble spot of this little insignificant orb, a mere speck and point as it were among these systems and firmaments, and systems of firmaments, that make perhaps but a corner of a still mightier universe—shall I undertake to set limits to the divine laws, to number them and count them all over on my fingers, as though I were omniscient? It may be replied that the laws of Deity—the divine modes of action—are everywhere similar and identical; that from one we may learn all, as Newton from the fall of an apple deduced the gravitation of worlds; but it was the great Newton himself, that paragon of learning and wisdom, the very monarch of his times in the realm of science, who declared at the close of his long and brilliant career: "I have but gathered a few pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of truth lay all unexplored before me." And even were the laws of the outward material universe perfectly clear and explicable to us—could we read through the book of external nature as easily as a child's primer even, still there remains this unexplored, mysterious Spirit-world; still how little do we know of invisible and spiritual things of the laws of the soul!—of the relation of the visible to the invisible, and of the unseen world of Spirits to this! And I believe, dear friends, that the various Christian miracles have a spiritual origin; that they depend for their manifestation on unknown and spiritual laws; that they are indicative of spiritual influence and spiritual agency; manifest a knowledge of interior and spiritual causes, and prove a spiritual elevation and spiritual communion on the part of the Saviour; and that they are not the mere signs of outward authority, or proofs of a commission from on high, given only to impress and convince the world. And yet, evincing as they do, a wonderful spiritual exaltation and a marvelous insight into the mysterious causes of things, as well as a sublime connection with the spiritual world and a communication with spiritual beings, they necessarily do impress us with the extraordinary character of the nature, qualifications and gifts of Jesus, increase an interest in the teachings of the Saviour, and thus give an additional power and authority to his words. In regard to some of these miraculous facts, as I am aware, it is comparatively an easy matter to resist the idea of their spiritual origin, and perhaps by some exercise of ingenuity to find a material cause for such effects; but in such instances as those related in the passage from which our text is taken, as must be obvious to all, it is utterly impossible, as spiritual presence forms the very staple and substance of the narrative; and recourse therefore is had by the anti-spiritual theorists to the supposition either of hallucination or deception on the part of the disciples.

But this position, assuming as it does the ultra impossibility of miracle, and involving a rejection of the facts of the Gospel narrative, can never fully content the minds of the unlearned and unsophisticated, who require a plain and simple faith. And with all my respect for the intellectual power and moral character of Prof. Strauss and his distinguished American follower, Mr. Parker, I know of no literary work so utterly unsatisfactory as the great work, especially of the former, on the Miracles of the Gospel Record. By the system of *reductio ad nullum* there employed, in explaining away the facts of the miracles, and reducing them to myths and non-entities, not only every event in the life of Jesus, with his every word and teaching, might be nullified and done away with, but no record of history, biography, whether ancient or modern, would stand the test of such destructive criticism and analysis; and it would tend in the end to the utter discredit of all historical accounts—to an entire annihilation of all faith in human testimony. I fully believe, therefore, not only in the Christian miracles as manifestations and evidences of spiritual agency, but also upon them as holding a most important place in the Gospel economy. Indeed, of all the various facts in the life of Jesus, I know of none of higher importance or of greater significance. They open to me the spiritual world; they impress me with the sense of a spiritual presence; they teach me a belief in invisible and spiritual agencies, as no other events recorded in the Gospel can do. Especially is this the case in the marvelous account from which our text is derived.

This text necessarily suggests to us the questions here, first, what does this passage reveal to us in regard to the spiritual world and the connection of Jesus? secondly, of what use and benefit are such revelations to the world? These questions we shall endeavor to answer as fully and clearly as our present brief limits will allow. In regard to the spiritual world and its relation to Jesus the text teaches, first, that men still live after the phenomenon called death has taken place; that Spirits still exist after they have departed from the body; that death, therefore, so far from being an annihilation of being, the end of existence, even a decay and dissolution of the man, is but the new birth of the soul, its birth into a higher world, its entrance into a brighter and more radiant sphere of life and light and glory. It gives no foundation even for the glowing and disgusting (to me, I must confess, dear friends) doctrine, that the spirit sleeps with the decaying body in the damp and dismal

grave, in the fearful charnel house of the tomb till the resurrection day. For it presents to us the Spirits of Moses and Elias, whose decaying bodies had been committed to the earth, and whose ethereal portion had passed to the invisible and heavenly world centuries on centuries before. We must either believe this or deny the truth and reliability of the Christian Scriptures; for in the words of the record, "there appeared unto the disciples Moses and Elias;" and this great and delightful truth, that the Spirit still lives in the Spirit's home, adorned with new beauty (for in the language of the Gospel narrator it is said they "appeared in glory") is recognized as a well known and undoubted fact, and is spoken of as naturally and as simply as any occurrence of common life, without any exhibition of wonder or surprise in regard to the matter.

Again: This passage teaches us that the souls of the departed are possessed of bodies as much as when on earth, for more ethereal bodies, doubtless, and that they were seen of Peter and James and John, to whom they "appeared in glory;" "that there is," therefore, in the words of the Apostle Paul, "a natural body and there is a spiritual body;" and that the Spirits of those who have long since passed from the earth are not only able to make their presence felt by those who still remain in this lower world, but that they can and do manifest themselves personally to their brethren who are still dwelling in the flesh. And we further learn that the spiritual world is near to Jesus, and was around him; that he had his conversation in heaven while yet on earth; and that not unfrequently, in the words of the Gospel, "angels came and ministered unto him."

We are taught, moreover, by this passage under consideration, that the inhabitants of the world of Spirits are still human beings; that they feel the same; act, speak, converse, and are the same in most respects as when on earth; or in other words, that they are natural and familiar, and that they are thus recognized as the same beings; for we find Moses and Elias, so many long ages after their departure from the earth, still known and recognized as Moses and Elias—associating familiarly with Jesus, and still cognizant of events, and alluding to the scenes of earth. For they spoke of the decease of Jesus, and that it should take place at Jerusalem; and this, as well as their own presence with Jesus, proves that the Spirits of the departed still retain their interest in the affairs of the humble planet where they had their first birth—still are attached to their earthly home, to their friends, and their former countrymen. The disciples Peter, James and John, not only saw these ancient and illustrious prophets and guides of the Hebrew fathers, but it is recorded that they appeared unto them *talking* with Jesus. There are those little versed, as it would seem, in the Christian Scriptures, who regard the doctrine of spiritual communications, that is now engrossing to so great an extent the attention and thought of the most refined and exalted as well as reflecting and scientific minds of the nation and of the world everywhere, as tending to mental and spiritual elevation. Could the mass of mankind, now so engrossed in earthly cares and labors—unwise and unsatisfactory, albeit—so wholly eaten up by worldliness, avarice and sensuality, come to feel the nearness and reality of the spiritual world, its radiant portals unfolding themselves to their quickened and purified vision, and gaze upon their ethereal splendors, they could not but be powerfully impressed with the conviction of the transitory and perishable nature of worldly gain and riches, of earthly possessions and honors, and all the various paltry and ephemeral objects of human ambition, for whose attainment they are now wearing out their lives and debasing and deadening their immortal souls—they would inevitably become more spiritual and more elevated, more powerful, more loving, more harmonious, and truly happy. And I fear there never was a period in human history when such influences were more needed; when mankind were more wholly absorbed in material, and therefore perishable, interests as now they are; and when there was so little love of spiritual theory, so little concern in the sublime unfoldings of the future, and in the things of the spiritual and eternal world.

Again: This doctrine of spiritual presence and spiritual communication has had a blessed use in awakening the minds of men from an utter disbelief in God and the soul; and already, thanks to our heavenly Father, thousands upon thousands of blank infidels in this our own land, and in other parts of the world, have been led, through this new movement, from a cold and gloomy atheism to a living, joyful faith in the existence of the soul, the being of a God, and the glories and blessedness of an immortal life. This, even if there were no other benefit derived from the newly-awakened faith in the spiritual world, is a vast and almost incalculable good.

Again: There are a large number throughout Christendom doubtless who have no faith whatever in their own individual immortality hereafter; who believe that their Spirits will be absorbed at death into the infinite Spirit; and many of them have already been turned by the reward of this glorious doctrine of spiritual presence from this cold, unsatisfying faith. There are those, too, of all sects and churches who have had no hope whatever that they should meet and recognize the beloved ones of their soul in the future life, or that the departed Spirits were at all cognizant of the home and friends they had left behind. How many times, dear friends, has the sorrowing, despairing question come to me from such, "Can you believe that I shall see and know my child, my brother, my friend in another world—that I ever shall be united to them again?" And often and often, too, the cold and bitter saying falls upon my ears, "O I can not, I will not believe that the pure Spirits of another world can still have an interest in the scenes and inhabitants of this dark and wretched earth." To how many such as these, among the most intelligent, refined and cultivated people of the land, has the reality of the Gospel teachings of spiritual presence and communion brought new light and life and joy.

You, my dear friends, have been blessed by Providence with a more enlightened, humane and liberal faith than is enjoyed by the vast majority of mankind, or even by the vast majority of your countrymen. Think, then, of the gloom, the misery, the horror that must be theirs who have been trained in the fearful belief that the great mass of mankind have been elected from all eternity to perpetual damnation and unutterable woes in the future, and that they and their loved ones may be—most probably—of this number! Think of their suffering, their agony of mind, as they hear the professed minister of the Gospel at the hour of death and burial, as well as in the pulpit! O how often have I listened to such utterances, teaching them that God had

labor, trials and sufferings to remember those sweet, encouraging words: "I will not leave you comfortless—I will come to you." And it was doubtless through a faith in such spiritual influences that they should be enabled to remove mountains, and nothing should be impossible to them, Jesus promises his followers, "the works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do, for I go to my Father."

We have thus, my friends, considered the Gospel doctrine of spiritual manifestations, of the connection of the spiritual world with this, and the communication of Jesus and his disciples with that world. We learn from the life and teachings of the Saviour the great and blessed truths of the nearness of the spiritual world; of the fact that the Spirits of the departed are still cognizant of human affairs; that they made themselves visible to Jesus and his disciples; that they conversed with him, and that he promised his friends and followers that he would still be present with them, and make himself manifest to them after his departure from earth; and so full, clear and explicit are the teachings of the Master upon this point, as to admit of no sort of question on the part of any candid mind. We must either admit the facts and statements of the Gospel narrative, or else regard the disciples as the subjects of hallucination, and accuse the biographers of the Saviour of willful and intentional deception.

But I should do myself, as well as my subject, injustice, did I not say a few words to you in conclusion, in regard to the newly-awakened faith—a faith so universal in early times and in the days of the primitive church—in spiritual presence and spiritual communion; its influence, uses and benefits to mankind. In the first place, we can not but regard the reviving belief in the nearness of the spiritual world, and in the ministry of angels, that is now engrossing to so great an extent the attention and thought of the most refined and exalted as well as reflecting and scientific minds of the nation and of the world everywhere, as tending to mental and spiritual elevation. Could the mass of

mankind, who have gone before them to the blessed, glorious life of the future in that radiant land where is fulness of joy and pleasures forevermore; that they rejoice to believe they are still around them, still with them, still breathing messages of love and tenderness into their loving hearts; that the bereaved mother, the lonely and loving one, can hear from her loved and departed ones the precious words of the Saviour, "I will not leave you comfortless—I will come to you."

### THE SPIRITS IN WILBRAHAM, MASS.

MRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Not many evenings since I accepted an invitation to attend a "Circle" that met at the house of Dr. Glover, in this village. The exercises of the evening commenced with music—playing on the piano, accompanied by several voices. After sitting a while, a few of the company were exercised apparently by some foreign influence, made visible by various motions of the head and arms. The "afflatus" was evidently upon them; but the "god of the lyre and the silver bow" has learned to be more gentle in his treatment of his votaries than he was wont to be in ancient days. There was no wild rolling of the eyes, no disheveled hair, no struggling to throw off the influence of the "god," but a calm and thoughtful expression of countenance. Presently one of those thus influenced arose and proceeded to address us very much in such a strain as is often heard in prayer meetings of the different religious sects. The matter of his discourse was unexceptionable. At the close of his discourse he remarked, "This is the first time that I have ever spoken in these circles, but I may come again and speak more at length if I can control the medium. You wish to know my name—no less than three have already mentally asked the question. Well, I will give it to you. When in the form they used to call me 'Edward.' After a short pause some one asked, 'Did you formerly live in this place?' 'Yes, I used to walk up and down this street.' 'Will you give your other name?—for we do not recognize you by the name of Edward alone.' 'Hyde' was given in a distinct tone. 'Ah, yes,' exclaimed one or two voices, 'we recollect now.' It was the name of a Methodist minister, once the steward of the Literary Institution in this place, who died nearly twenty-four years ago, and who was now, if we can believe it, manifesting himself through the speaker by suggesting the thoughts and words of his discourse. It is proper to state that the medium, who is not a resident of this town, knew nothing of Mr. H. II.

Again, another medium—a gentleman—was "rapped" by a Spirit calling himself "Byron." "Bring the Bible," was uttered through the medium. It was brought. "Turn to the sixth chapter of the Revelations." The chapter was found. "Please read." This request was complied with; and when the reader had uttered the words of the eighth verse, "And I looked and beheld a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, etc." "There, that will do," said the medium, and he rose to his feet. After a few preliminary remarks he commenced delivering himself in poetic numbers, which for strength and sublimity of expression were equal to anything that Byron ever wrote. Death, the mighty conqueror, was personified, who, in "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," detailed his "doings" since the commencement of his career on the earth.

I said to the medium, after the circle broke up, "I wish you would give me that poem in writing." "I would," he replied, "if I knew what it was." He declared himself to have been wholly unconscious of what he had uttered; and yet, *me judice*, he had delivered a poem that any one who has ever written in the English language might well be proud of. I have been informed by others who have heard him, that many of his utterances are of the same elevated character.

*Apropos* of this medium, whose name is Willian Hume: any one having but little acquaintance with him, can not but discover that he is an unlettered person. Not only is he unacquainted with any other language than his own, but his knowledge of that is quite imperfect. Some time since, three pieces of writing were handed to me with a request to translate them, said to have come from his pen while in a state of trance. One was in Latin verse, with the name of Camoens, the celebrated Portuguese poet, signed to it. The versification was correct—the thoughts and style of a modern caste. The other pieces were Greek poetry, signed "Theognis," the name of a poet who flourished between five and six hundred years before Christ. The measure of both was accurate, and the style of thought resembling that of the ancient Greek writers. Subsequently the medium gave a correct translation of the Greek pieces in elegant English verse, which I have seen and read.

I have also seen several manuscripts from the pen of Mr.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

*"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 30, 1856

## THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE.

Hume, said by him to have been dictated by Spirits, and strongly characteristic, in style, of the persons whose names are signed to them. One is an elaborate treatise on the Antiquity of Coins. Another, a poem of two hundred and ninety-eight lines, with the name of Walter Scott annexed, the subject such as Scott's muse delighted to dwell upon, and exhibiting his peculiarities of thought and style. Another, a discourse by Walter Balfe, commencing with criticism on the original words of his text, and containing expressions that any one who has heard Balfe in the pulpit, could not fail to recognize as his own.

But enough of this. Will any of the theories breached to explain these phenomena, aside from that which assigns their origin to beings in another state, satisfactorily account for them? We can not account for the origin of the Greek and Latin pieces in the same way that the utterance of Hebrew words and sentences by an ignorant servant-maid, as stated in treatises on mental philosophy, is accounted for; for these were *written*, by a hand that had never written such before, and with all the accuracy of these man, in his individual capacity, must perform. They are imposed by higher authority than any human institution. They depend upon the relations established in Nature. No possible circumstances can release the individual from these pre-existing obligations. The State has no authority to interfere with the subject in the discharge of these duties. Caesar has a right to his own. He may demand that which bears his superscription, but it is not his prerogative to govern the conscience. There is a higher power. The soul was created in the divine image; therefore, render unto God that which is due to him. The creator is above the state, and his universal laws are of higher authority than the acts of hum in legislation.

WILBERHAB, MASS.

## FROM PROFESSOR HARE.

In the New York Tribune, of the 6<sup>th</sup> instant, a critic does great injustice to a medium whom I was greatly indebted for assistance in my investigation of Spiritualism, in supposing her to be wanting in patience or amenity.

This writer should know that the lady in question had been with many previous tedious efforts to verify the idea that the manifestations came from an unconscious muscular action on her part. Three months had passed, during which she had given me many manifestations, which were by her and her associates considered as sufficient to convince me. And after all these rather annoying experiments to prove her a physiologist dup, I had constructed an apparatus which I expected would move more intelligently without the aid of the vision of the medium; yet, on trial, the apparatus demonstrated the opposite to be true; so that it might be fairly viewed as settling the question against me. I was naturally thus viewed by believers. But the sentiment uttered under the disappointment of my not yielding to the *experimentum crucis*, to which I had confidently resorted, soon gave way to a cheerful consent to assist in another trial. As respects the dissatisfaction shown by media, this critic only sees the subject on his own side. He does not recollect that the doubts expressed by visitors, even when couched in the most delicate language, involved often a suspicion of fraud or falsehood. But to many of those who go to see manifestations display an offensive suspicion in their prying looks as well as in their sneering language. I have known the most gross and injurious usage to be visited on media; but so far as my experience goes, I am surprised at the indulgence which I have met with, even from the very individual whom this writer erroneously infers to have been wanting in amenity. If the team were out of his own eye, he could see the subject as it ought to be viewed, he would perceive the deficiency to lie in his structures rather than in the deportment of the excellent lady whom he selects as an exemplification of his erroneous inferences.

There were never any words which struck me as being more absurdly false than the following employed by this same critic: "The Spirits tell us nothing of any practical value."

Is not religion of value? What do the people of Great Britain pay more than forty-five millions of dollars annually to their clergy? Is it not for the sake of religion? Since the coming of Christ and of Mohammed, has not religion been one of the primary objects of human contention? What is this life to immortality? The last idea which I should expect any sane man to advance would be that conveyed in the above quotation: that when the Spirits tell us of a Spirit-world, such as described by my Spirit-father, and confirmed by a convection of Spirits, we are told nothing of any practical value! That those who are now unbelievers, as I was, should express their disbelief, is of course to be expected; but that any person should allege that such knowledge, if true, is not of the highest practical value, is really surprising for any one permitted to occupy the columns of a reputable newspaper, with his opinions!

But according to Warburton (an English bishop) and Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, the Pentateuch does not give any account of another world; and in the Gospel we find that, according to Christ, the other world is in the same cavity with hell, where all who "seek the good things of this life" are like Dives, to be boiled to clemency in the fire "prepared for the Devil and his angels from the foundation of the world!" The blessed, meanwhile, like Abraham and Lazarus, are sufficiently near to converse with them, and witness their misery. We find that the only heaven promised by Christ to his disciples, was that of being judges in Israel. Now, I should be quite as willing to sleep for ever as to have for my immortal soul either of the rewards thus held out in Scripture; and hence I consider it of immense importance to be informed that there is such a Spirit-world as that described by my Spirit-father, and confirmed, under test conditions, by the higher Spirits. In no other case have I found any one to derogate from the importance of this information, admitting it to be true.

One mourner tells me that if it be true, she would value it more than a thousand worlds, especially connected with the idea that an idolized child, of whom she had been recently deprived, shall still be her companion, and may communicate with her. A near relative, who died a few days since, has been to communicate with me, and I heard of her translation to a happy sphere within a few hours after death. This I deem of immense practical importance, since it deprives death of its terrors. I know that my friend has escaped from the sufferings of disease, and the debility of old age, to a state of ineffable happiness.

Whatever this critic may allege, in point of fact, every word communicated to me by my Spirit-friend does good to my heart, if not to my understanding. It is a satisfaction to find that two of my children who died in infancy, can address me as I was addressed by one of them in a letter published in my work.

Those who swallow the scriptural canards, yet strain at spiritual goats, and who can believe anything which is said to have happened two thousand years ago, who credit a witness of whom they know nothing, provided he has been long enough among the dead—may dispute the truth of all this; but that is what I am prepared to expect. It is just what a Mohammedan would expect from a Christian or a Christian from a Mohammedan, touching the inconsistent facts on which they severally rely for their expectations of future happiness. But that an ignoramus should tell a person who is made happy by information respecting the Spirit-world, that it is of no importance, is downright folly!

Before I became a Spiritualist, I counted with unceasing the years as they rolled away; and although hoping for a future state, I felt a gloomy doubt as to what that state could be; but now I feel impatient rather that time should fly faster; and I only wish to live in order to make others partake of the gratification which has been imparted to me.

If the writer were competent to understand my experiments, he would perceive that the account which I have given of them leaves no alternative but that to which he alludes of an absurd imputation of insanity against myself, in common with many thousands of Spiritualists, or that bodies are moved by an intelligence and physical force which can only be explained by the agency of Spirits. He would perceive that the experiments made with the lever board and spring balance (plate 3) are essentially the same as those made with the vibrating lever spiritoscope (plate 4, fig. 1; see "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated," by Prof. Hare, at Barry's, 221 Arch street, Philadelphia, or at 312 Broadway, New York.) But Mrs. William Eastis, the daughter of the late Dr. William E. Channing, was witness of a manifestation through Mrs. Hayden as a medium, which involves at once all that the experiment to which he objects was designed to accomplish as evidence. I allude to the fact, that while Mrs. Hayden's hand was so lifted from the lever, a space was made visible, both to Mrs. Eastis and myself, between it and the surface of the board, the index still proceeding to communicate rationally, by pointing to the letters in due succession.

*Philadelphia Times.* ROBERT, HARE.

MACHINE IN THE HUMAN FRAME.—Very few, even mechanics, are aware how much machinery there is in their own bodies. Not only are there hinges and joints in the bones but there are valves in the veins, a forcing pump in the heart and other curiosities. One of the muscles of the eye forms a real pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form which has been calculated by mathematicians to support pillars and supporting columns—that of hollow cylinders.

## THE KOONS IN NEW YORK.

For some three weeks Mr. Jonathan Koons, his son and daughter, have been in New York, holding nightly circles for spiritual manifestations, at Jackson's Hotel, in Spring-street, opposite Clinton Market. Their advent in this city has not been trumpeted to any great extent, and their circles have been rather of a private and select than a public and promiscuous character. We believe all who have come in contact with Mr. Koons during his sojourn among us, have been impressed with his simplicity of character and honesty of purpose; and the manifest unsophistication and artlessness of his son and daughter are such that no one would be inclined to attribute to them the disposition, or to any extent even the capacity, to deceive; and notwithstanding the disadvantage of an existing prejudice arising from untoward developments in the presence of certain mediums who had just previously holden circles in our city, we believe that most persons who have visited the Koons have been satisfied both of their honesty and of the spiritual reality of the phenomena which occur in their presence.

Mr. Partridge, Mr. Britton, and the different attachés of this office, have repeatedly been present at the séances of the Koons, from their arrival here, and the developments observed by them have been uniformly confirmatory of the above representations. The present writer will now submit his personal testimony, which is as follows:

On Tuesday evening, February 19th, we had the pleasure of meeting with some twenty-five or thirty intelligent ladies and gentlemen at the rooms of the Koons. At the appointed hour the company seated themselves in the form of a semi-circle, with a table, surrounded by a somewhat fantastically constructed apparatus, occupying the vacant segment. The apparatus was examined, as it had been in an hundred instances before, but revealed nothing which could possibly account on mechanical or electric principles for the phenomena which occurred during the evening. Mr. Koons and his son Nahum sat at one end of the semi-circle, and his daughter and Mrs. Jackson, the hostess, (who is a medium) sat at the other end, with the table and apparatus between. Attached to the apparatus were two drums, and on the table were two tambourines, two tin horns, a harmonicon, and a bottle of water, corked, and a stick of phosphorus in it.

All things being arranged, the light was extinguished; a spiritual song was sung, to which an accompaniment was played by Mr. Koons, on the violin. Soon afterward the bottle containing the phosphorus became illuminated, and about a small globular light was seen to move rapidly to and fro, and up and down, in the room. At times there were two of these; and we observed that they would frequently and suddenly disappear, and as suddenly reappear, without gradually growing dim, and then invisible, as phosphoric lights generally do. Mr. K. now played a lively tune, and this light performed the movement of waltzing, keeping perfect time to the music, and sometimes moving with great rapidity. During these and subsequent performances the medium frequently spoke to locate their position; and we observed that the planes of the circles described by the waltzing lights were now horizontal, now vertical and now inclined at various angles (and all evidently unstudied), as they would not indeed could not have been if they had been mechanically produced by the movement of a luminous end of a rod, even if there had been any such rod in the room, and there was none discoverable.

On a question of right and wrong an enlightened and true man must have a better standard of judgment than the vote of the majority. There is a higher Power than the government before this we b w. The officers of the state are not the conservators of the conscience. In the Divine wisdom that is left in the individual keeping of every man; and we must expect to stand accused if we violate the law written in the heart. Our highest duties and obligations do not originate in the artificial institutions of men. They exist in Nature, and are founded in wisdom. As a standard of truth and a rule of human action, they are superior to the proceedings of Congress, or the decisions of the courts. What if we are authorized by the Constitution to destroy our brother man? What if this is recommended by the Executive? The conscience is as sacred as the Constitution, and the Supreme Ruler of the universe is above the President of the United States. Here we acknowledge the authority of Nature and Deity, and would rather live an exile than court the favor of the civil power, if it be deaf to the voice of God and regardless of the claims of humanity! If we were to defend a man in a career of violence and crime, using our powers to screen him from justice, we should expose ourselves to a fearful retribution. Are we less guilty when we uphold the government instead of the individual? We see no reason why we should applaud the State for killing its thousands in the settlement of ordinary national quarrels; and at the same time denounce the miserable assassin because he has slain one. Is it right to hang an individual and suffer the nation to pass without a word of reproof, so long as the same law of hatred and retaliation is the governing principle in both cases?

The question comes when nations, as well as individuals, should learn that there is a better way to redress a wrong than to commit another of equal or greater magnitude. As the civil power at all times liable to transcede its appropriate limits, it becomes necessary to exercise an intelligent discrimination. All will admit that there is a point beyond which the State can claim no jurisdiction, where the subject is accountable to no earthly tribunal. If it be true that man existed with all his individual duties and obligations before the origin of the government, it is sufficiently evident that he is subject to a Superior Power, and must be governed by a higher law. This authority he is not at liberty to disregard. He may be authorized to act in a legislative capacity, but he can not abrogate the institutions of nature. The supreme law is not made to depend upon the peculiar circumstances of his social and political condition. It is a part of the original constitution of things. This man is required to obey in all cases, while he is only bound to sustain the civil authority so far as it is intended to secure the ends of justice, and is likely to preserve the universal harmony. Now if Nature and God forbid that we should inflict an irreparable injury upon our fellow, the State has no right to legalize the deed. It is not for us to abolish the Divine law and make one of our own. Inasmuch as all civil and political institutions derive their existence from man, it follows that their authority can never be paramount to the principles of Nature, which are the laws of the Creator.

THE TWO STREAMS.

At no great distance are two streams. The sluggish waters of the one scarcely exhibit any motion. Being constantly filled with the grossest impurities, many offensive and hurtful vapors are generated along its banks. These are widely diffused, so that the whole atmosphere at times seems to be loaded with minute but poisoned arrows, which penetrate the body and produce disease. If you trace this stream back, you will be led to a marshy glen inhabited by venomous reptiles, where the invisible agents of infection rise up from the lethiferous waters and go forth to the work of death, riding on the wings of the wind. Efforts have been made at different points and periods to purify this stream, but the impurities from above flow on as uninterrupted as the waters, and so this labor, however well intended, has been unsuccessful. Indeed, all the streams issuing from this source are necessarily impure, because the fountain from which they proceed is corrupt.

The other stream glides along like a laughing' child at play. The waters are clear as crystal. Like the creatures of a joyous intelligence, they dance to the tones of their own wild song. A thousand little voices speak over from among the white pebbles which pave their pathway, and even the echoes slumbering on the verdant banks, awake and respond to the musical utterance. The flowers that line the margin, on either side, are grateful, and as they kiss the stream, an invisible Spirit, breathing the sweetest incense, walks forth on the face of the polluted waters. Everything is rendered beautiful by the presence of the stream. The plants and shrubs send out their roots, and a mysterious energy arises from up beneath, and they are nourished and expanded. Follow the stream to its source, and far up in the neighboring mountain you will find a little rill, issuing from a fissure in a mass of the purest limestone.

## The Editor down East.

Mr. Britton will lecture in the Hall occupied by the Spiritualists in Hartford, Conn., on Sunday, March 2d, afternoon and evening, at the usual hours. Mr. B. will also speak in Deerfield, Mass., on Monday evening, 3d; at Greenfield, Tuesday, 4th; at Shelburne Falls, Wednesday, 5th; at Montague, Thursday, 6th; Randolph, Vt., Saturday and Sunday, 8th and 9th. The friends in the places herein named will please make their arrangements to correspond with the above programme, and thus oblige the lecturer.

Mr. Britton will be pleased to receive subscriptions to the TRACTOGRAPH and orders for Spiritual books wherever he may travel. All books so ordered will be forwarded free of postage.

Human life has been compared to a stream. If the springs of existence be pure and elevated, the stream will, though it imbibe impurities by the way, be transparent and beautiful. Hence nothing can be more essential than a strict obedience to the physical and organic laws. Interests of the greatest magnitude, not only to the living, but to those who may live hereafter, are made to depend on this conformity to the institutions of Nature. When these are disregarded, the fountain of existence is poisoned and disease is generated in the very rudiments of the human form. Wherever these are faithfully observed, the pre-existing conditions are rendered favorable; the energy of health and purity is infused into the springs of life, and thence circulates through all the veins and arteries of being.

MORAL.—In beginning to reform the world, it is important to commence where human life has its origin.

## PROGRESSIVE IDEAS FROM THE PULPIT.

We have received a hand-omely printed copy of a discourse delivered on the occasion of the funeral of Mrs. Marquette L. Thompson, late of Danby, Vt., by Rev. J. F. Walker. The author is out of the beaten track; he has set up the business of thinking on his own account, and seems disposed to receive light and to extract consolation from new sources. We trust Mr. Walker will go on, and that no member of his flock may ever suffer from that spiritual leanness which results from feeding on the lifeless husks of a dead faith and the hopes that perished with the bones of their fathers.

To enable the reader to discover the tendency of the author's mind, we subjoin some

## BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM MR. WALKER'S DISCOURSE.

As we have seen, mind is competent to apprehend some Truths intuitively. Of others it can sometimes attain momentary glimpses, which, on account of their indistinctness, we can not retain long enough to put them into such tangible forms as shall hereafter serve as prompts to our recollections. Mind once competent to apprehend those Truths, is of course always competent—for it is *immortal*—and is therefore susceptible of neither increase nor diminution. But memory and the power of expression, either in speech or record, are dependent on physical organization. How often has every person, when engaged in some process of thinking, had Truths flash upon his mind like the sudden glare of lightning upon the midnight. But they pass as soon, and left him unable to recall them. "The pen of a ready writer" is too tardy to keep pace with the thoughts of him who wields it, and the fervid orator loses some of the most glorious scintillations of his genius, because, like Moses, he is slow of speech, or his audience "dull of hearing." Have you not seen the moving pillars of the Aurora, as they sweep in stately procession along the northern sky, distinct, and yet ever vanishing? For emblem of the splendid panorama truth sometimes marshals along the horizon of our thought, too vivid to be forgotten in the gross—to evanescent to be remembered in the detail.

And what, in the last analysis, is bodily power, but the direct action of mind on matter. It is, therefore, as conceivable that mind should operate on one kind or one quantity of matter, as another. We do not know that muscle and nerve and bone are the only forms of matter which can act on—or that two hundred pounds is the fixed amount of weight mind can raise against the law of gravity. True, in this state of existence mind finds itself limited to these narrow conditions. But it remains yet to be proved that when this coil of mortality shall be shuffled off, mind shall be less competent for the exercise of power in the harness of the flesh. On the other hand, the indications all favor the expectation that the dismantling of the staff from its present earthly investment, shall increase its power in an almost inconceivable ratio. "But man, in common with all created things, is progressive. Progress is a law of creation; for it is implied in change, and change must partake to all but God. But look abroad in Nature, and see if that change is not, in its outward conditions, from the low to the high, from the coarse to the refined. That is not so, you say, in the case of the human spirit; that may, in the future, as now, ceaselessly degrade itself. Be it so. That is not our present concern. But the conditions of its development, in either case, are found in the character of its outward investment—its material organization. In proportion as this is refined and spiritualized, in such proportion does it subserve the necessities of an expanding soul; in degree as it is coarse and brutish, does it damp and cloud the aspirations of the spirit. All the laws of physiology come in support of this position. It, therefore, it granted that any human soul may progress from the low to the high, even though all do not. It follows that in the economy of the Creator the outward conditions for such progression are furnished in the increasing refinement and spiritualization of the material investments we have seen to be so essential to the existence of the human spirit in its distinctive and separate identity.

## SPIRITUALISM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The San Francisco Herald of January 6, contains the following account of manifestations which had recently occurred in that city:

A few nights since, between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock, a strange scene was being enacted in a house on Sutter-street, not far from the northeast corner of that street and Kearny. The house designated is a small cottage tenement of two stories. The lower floor is occupied by two females, and the upper part by Mrs. Leavett, the widow of Jonathan Leavett, who hung himself some weeks ago, at a house on Powell-street, in this city. On the lower floor are three apartments, the middle one being occupied as a sleeping apartment. In this room were assembled some fifteen or twenty persons, attracted there by marvelous stories of sights and sounds, attributed to spiritual agency, that had been seen and heard on each night since Friday last. Among the party were Marshal North, and several officers of the police, who were determined to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the strange performance which had been previously witnessed by several of the number. About seven o'clock the "electric fluid" began to circulate and manifest itself in sundry raps about the premises, which were evidently not produced by any of the company present, and could not possibly have emanated from any persons outside of the house. The second manifestation was a table-moving performance. The mediums engaged in the performance are all well known to the Reporter of the *Herald*, who was present, and it may be proper to remark that they are respectable citizens, and were only there from motives of curiosity, being mostly unbelievers in the phenomena of "spiritual manifestations." It was soon apprehended that the table—a large, heavy piece of furniture, by the way—was under the influence of the "Od Force," or some other invisible power. The moving Spirit answered every question, it is said, correctly. Certainly it is, that the tables responded to the questions, or that some power not visible gave motion to the table when certain questions were addressed to "the Spirit" by either of the four persons forming the circle of mediums. The experiment was tried by a number of gentlemen, with the same success; among others, the Reporter of the *Herald* was surprised to find that he possessed a power of attraction hitherto entirely unknown to him. One of the responses is particularly worthy of record. An inquiry was made whether the Spirit present was that of Jonathan Leavett—and if so, would he manifest himself by tipping the table "a little more than usual?" At this the table turned nearly over, upsetting one of the mediums, and breaking and destroying the chair of electricity.

THE ASSASSIN'S ARGUMENT.

A FLORENCE correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* states that Mr. Hume, a Spiritualist from New York, (doubtless Daniel D.) is in that city, and that his presence and the exhibitions of the spiritual phenomena had occasioned much excitement. The government, it is said, had forbidden the exercise of his power, and that some party, instigated, as the writer supposes, by the Jesuits, had attempted to assassinate Mr. Hume by stabbing him on two occasions.

## Philadelphia.

Miss Emma F. Jay will lecture in Sansom-street Hall, Philadelphia, next Sunday.

## Electro-Medicated Vapor Baths.

The other day we made a trial, under the direction of our gentlemanly friend, Mr. Culbertson, of the bath which he prepares and administers at the Rooms of Mrs. French, 443 Broadway. We felt some years younger after the operation, and fancied that we might leap over a five rail fence and not fall try. These baths are peculiarly adapted to equalize the circulation without occasioning the least debility; at the same time they never render the system more susceptible to injury from atmospheric changes.

## QUESTION ABOUT REORGANIZATION.

## Original Communications.

## IMPLORA PACE.

BY ALFRED E.

The fresh and dewy night hath come in glory,  
Beautiful, and solemn; and most fair,  
Laying her healing hand upon the heated  
And weary brood of care.

The day, with its innumerable voices  
And mighty overplus of garish life,  
Its cold gray sky and soulless city bubble,  
Its maddened selfish strife—

The day hath fled as would a jesting coward  
Flee from her chaste and calm and holy might,  
Awed by the presence of the calm enchantress—  
The sweet enchantress, Night.

To me the darkness brings no benediction,  
Pouring cool quiet on the pulse and brain;  
Maddened and taunted by the awe-struck silence,  
I writh in anguished pain.

Unrest—a black cloud, self-involved and c'reling—  
Holdeth me in its reddened, heated breast;  
Bewildered, heart-sick, in the darkness groping  
I humbly pray for rest.

Unrest, unrest, is this hell of pain eternal  
As are the heavens and the God above?

"Peace, be still!" a voice, soft, calm and holy.  
And penetrate with love.

Speaks to my list'ning soul, now awed and eager;  
Speaks of a heaven beyond this passing scene :

Bids me look upward to the great All-Father.  
And in his strong arm lean;

Bids me seek faith, and in that faith find calmness ;  
Tells me that this clay, which holds around

Our spirits its cold arms of inert matter.  
And chains us to the ground;

Clinging to the breast of earth so heartless.  
Shall vanish soon and be dissolved again

To earth, as are the rotting leaves of autumn.  
Or hilt in summer rain.

The spirit freed shall rise to it; immortal  
Home amid the light eterno above.

And circling waves of the bright home of harmony.  
Of wisdom and of love.

The spirit freed shall rise to its eternal  
Home, and be no more the body's guest.

And find a peace surpassing all its dreaming—  
Its human dreams of rest.

## HEALING THE SICK.

The following communication is entitled to the fullest confidence of the reader, and goes far to support the claims of Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, and to command their treatment to general favor. Mrs. Millington is already favorably known to the spiritual public through her poetic contributions to our literature, and by an intelligent circle of admiring friends she is everywhere respected and beloved for the graces and virtues which are most unobtrusively displayed in her private life. Such testimony from such a source must be of great service to Mr. Atwood, and we hope it may be of service to the afflicted.—Ep.

*Mr. Editor*—For the benefit of the afflicted permit me to lay before the readers of the TELEGRAPH some facts concerning the case of my brother, Bainbridge Atwood, of Elizabethtown, Essex Co., N. Y. Let me commence my story by saying, that an elder brother died at the age of twenty-one, of a singular disease, apparently of the stomach and liver. The most noted physicians of Albany and Boston pronounced his case hopeless, and altogether out of the reach of medicines. He was succeeded to the last possible degree, yet his mind remained clear and vigorous to the end of his life. He laid aside his frail body of flesh with the composure of one but exchanging garments, and became clothed in the incorruptible spiritual body, and so passed from our sight. We had not yet learned to think of him without recalling his mysterious illness and suffering, when our young brother became similarly afflicted. He had, from a child, been delicate, and suffered from occasional afflictions of the liver and stomach, but grew up without seeming seriously injured in health until he was sixteen years of age. During the summer of 1851, his health failed rapidly. His stomach became diseased. He could take but little of the plainest food, and that seemed to be but little digested. He grew very thin, and his complexion became dark and unhealthy. Change of diet, exercise in the open air—everything possible was tried. Physicians had pronounced his case imminently dangerous. By degrees he sank lower and lower. His flesh became corps-like and rigid to the touch, his countenance bearing an extremely painful expression, while the feverish brightness of his eye was indescribable. He clung to life with the earnestness of one before whom the world looks bright and hopeful. He wished to live—not that he feared death, but because he loved life. As his danger became more apparent to all, the more he clung to life; his friends despaired and death seemed very near indeed. A lock of his hair was sent to Mrs. Tufts, of Jersey City, and an examination of his case procured. She sent a prescription, and after using it he began to mend slowly, but so much that he became able to renew his walks and to ride several miles at once. He seemed to gain strength until about the first of May, when a reaction took place, and he again failed. At this time, when our last ray of hope for his life was about to go out forever, the attention of our mother was drawn to Mr. J. G. Atwood's communications to the TELEGRAPH upon the subject of Healing Mediums. It was already known to her that Mr. Atwood was himself a healing medium, and she resolved to apply to him for help in this extremity. Letters were exchanged. Mrs. Atwood, a wonderfully developed clairvoyant, examined our brother's case, and Mr. Atwood undertook his case, only requiring his presence at Lockport. My brother was immediately taken there and the treatment commenced. The medium placed his hand on the patient's chest, which made him throw up large quantities of acrid yellow matter, and a thick, disagreeable, sour sweat oozed through the pores of his hands and arms. When he had been there a short time he became sensible of the healing influence, and he could watch the process going on in his system of removing a diseased magnetism to supply its place by another portion which was pure and healthy, and he gradually became developed as a medium himself. He remained at Lockport twelve weeks under the care of Mr. Atwood. He took medicines prepared by him from simple herbs, and was daily and hourly under the healing influence.

He watched the progress of other patients. Every case was not like his own—of long standing and slow to cure—but some were instantaneously healed. The deaf were made to hear, the lame to walk, and many sick arose from their beds of suffering well. Mr. Atwood performs remarkable cures by sending a healing influence to a great distance. The friends of a little girl in Iowa City, whose case was considered utterly hopeless by the doctor, wrote to Mr. Atwood as a last resort. He answered, sending a healing influence with the letter. In less than two hours after this was received, the little girl was perspiring freely, and soon entirely recovered.

I am well aware that our brother's case may not be thought so remarkable by many as the sudden cure of a violent fever or any other simple disease; but to a reflecting mind the removal of a disease whose obscure cause placed it beyond the reach of medicines or any known remedy, must be convincing proof of a superior healing power. That Mr. Atwood possesses such a power, through the mercy of God, we firmly believe. Our brother returned to us much better than he had been for more than a year. His complexion was clear, and even ruddy. His shrunken chest was round and full, and he stood erect. He ate freely of all that was set before him, except fibrous fruits and vegetables. He was able to endure much fatigue, and has continued to improve ever since. At present he bears no likeness to himself as he did last year at this time, and he and his friends attribute this change to the mediumship of Mr. Atwood.

LEWY A. MILLINGTON.

*Tiffany's Monthly.*—The first number (for March 1856) of this proposed new Monthly Magazine, devoted to the illustration of spiritual science, and edited and owned by JOEL TIFFANY, is now in type, and will be issued in a few days. It is filled with well digested and well elaborated articles, which can not fail to commend themselves to men of thought. Subscriptions, at \$3 per annum in advance, received at this office.

## SHAKER LIBERALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

An article under this head, which appeared in the *Tribune* of the 6th instant, written by "A Listener" to the lecture on Shakerism, delivered in the Tabernacle on the 31st ultimo, charges—not directly, but by implication—the Shakers with prohibiting the reading, in either their schools or families, of nearly every book that illustrates a "scientific principle."

*This is not the fact*, and the city of New York is welcome to do as the New York Legislature did in 1849, namely: appoint a committee to investigate this very subject. Since the publication of the Report of the said Committee, I have not often seen this charge preferred.

I would respectfully inform "A Listener" that, should he travel in Europe, he would find the public mind there imbued with precisely the same idea in regard to the United States of America, that he appears to entertain of a Shaker community; that is, that they have more respect for, and have made more proficiency in, the practical in the ideal of the arts and sciences. In truth, was it not rather the *resping and seeing-machine*, than the *Greek slaves*, that saved our reputation in the Crystal Palaces of England and France? Fifty years hence it may be

that the half-forgotten *Crystal Palace* of England and France will be as well known as the *Greek slaves*, and the *Grecian* and *Roman* temples, and the *Parthenon* of the *Acropolis*.

The cultivation and unfolding of the mental and spiritual natures, and the formation of a perfect moral and religious character, have never been, and still continue to be, the first objects in a Shaker society. The second is the creation of the means to secure to every member of the organization, an ample supply of all physical wants, in childhood and age, in health and sickness. And so far as any and every science can, for the time being, subserve these ends, we, as heretofore, shall gladly introduce them into our schools and families. But, to the confusion of "science," falsely so called, to the mortification of *male human wisdom*, pride, and arrogance, and to the humiliation of our popular, progressive animal orthodoxy, let it be borne in mind that the first successful social organization ever established on earth, that secures the equal good of all its members—spiritual, intellectual and physical—is founded by a woman who could neither read nor write, aided solely by *Spirit knowledge*.

Contract with this learned, scientific community, like some critics I know of, that none of whose members are so physically degraded that they have poor food in still poorer quantities—so *mentally* debased that they "hate knowledge," and as to *spirituality*, it is not to be named.

Divine revelation, no science, is the rock upon which Christ has built his Church in this day of his *second appearing*. From that center all true science originally diverged, and to it all scientific truths will ever continue to converge. Therefore, Shakerism is not antagonistic to science, it being eminently progressive in its very nature; for itself is the direct result of the principles of progress in the human race.

We are quite willing that science should help us to raise our corn and potatoes, and cook them, too, after they are raised—to build our houses and *restitute* them to make our machinery, and, in fine, do every thing that is useful. But when she insists upon dividing us into rich and poor, high and low, the transcendently learned and the "unwashed, though untutored, democracy," our moral and religious instincts demand and "confound the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent." They tell us to feed the hungry, if we would reclaim the vicious; and to *clothe the naked*, if we would protect the innocent.

The Society of New Lebanon is composed of eight independent families, each one being in itself a perfect community, with numbers varying from thirty to one hundred and fifty; and, as speculations are not allowed as a means of acquiring wealth, they are by no means so rich as it is generally supposed. The net annual income of the whole Society, numbering over five hundred, has never yet amounted to \$5,000, over and above their expenses. Indeed, some of the families do little more than make both ends meet.

The school of the Society has gradually improved, as the spiritual and material conditions of the Society have advanced. It has been pronounced by the County School Superintendent as the best organized and conducted school in the county of Columbia. The following is a list of the branches of education taught therein: Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, Spelling, Orthographical Analysis and Grammar, Geography, Mapping and History, Practical Geometry, Mensuration and Algebra, Agricultural Chemistry and Botany, Natural and Mechanical Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Physiology, etc., etc.

The following are a part of the numerous scientific works that are in common use: Lynde's *Lessons on Science and Art*; complete; Comstock's, Parker's, and Yeoman's *Natural Philosophy and Chemistry*; Appleton's *Mechanical Dictionary*, and other scientific works; histories of *England*, *America*, *France*, etc.; a miscellaneous assortment of scientific, historical, and moral works, too numerous and tedious to mention; together with Bibles, Testaments, and other religious works and school books in abundance. Also, about forty periodicals are regularly taken by the Society, among which are the *New York daily and weekly Tribune*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Herald*, the *Spiritual American* (five or six copies), the *Spiritual and Agricultural papers*; besides others published in Boston, Albany, Hudson, Pittsfield, etc. From these facts the New York public can judge as to how far it is true that a "scientific principle" is rarely illustrated in a Shaker Society.

I last summer, went to the Tabernacle to hear H. W. Beecher lecture on "Patriotism." It was very warm weather, and the house was crowded, but not the least provision was made for ventilation. It then occurred to me that, *scientific* as that assembly undoubtedly was, they would still have been more benefited by a lecture on *Combination*, showing that the oxygen of the air is necessary to be united with the carbon of the food in order to sustain human life, than by what they heard, inasmuch as the existence and well-being of the individual is first order, then that of the body politic. The janitor declared that, on the occasion of the Shaker lecture, was the first time he had known any attention to paid to the ventilation of the Tabernacle.

To the second charge, however, I plead guilty, and have only to say that, in this day of flashy, trashy, and licentious literature, any respectable family in New York does not "keep a strict surveillance as to what they read," may expect soon to lose the character of respectability.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF SELECT COMMITTEE IN ASSEMBLY, APRIL 2, 1856.

On examining the Schools at Watervliet, a model worthy the imitation of the best society was presented. A full and excellent library of the most approved books was found; and a thorough education for the *business men* is there imparted, by teachers competent for the task. The scholars, both male and female, seemed highly pleased with their situation, and were in the apparent enjoyment of all the pleasures of youth for life. Page 12.

PATRICK W. EVANS.

SHAKER VILLAGE, NEW LEBANON, CO., N. Y., February 11, 1856.

## A WORD OF CRITICISM.

Most of the sceptical minds converted to a belief in man's immortality from a patient investigation of "spiritual manifestations," the philosophy of Spiritual teachings, etc., seem to think the whole world must be almost instantaneously converted also; and many of these new converts manifest a zeal in attaining this result, which often smacks largely of extreme intolerance and dogmatic prejudice, if not bigotry itself. It is lamentable to witness the strong prejudices prevailing still when these converted skeptics discuss the authority and the teachings of the Bible; and with all due respect for Dr. Hare as a gentleman of high and well-established candor and truth, I beg to express the opinion that his criticism on the teachings of Jesus as recorded in the New Testament, is a striking illustration of this excessive zeal and prejudice. They, in their past days of skepticism, have encountered strong denunciations against infidelity from "orthodox" oracles, and were naturally much embittered in their feelings thereby; but this should admonish them to more moderation now that they are convinced of the errors of their past skepticism, and to exercise some charity for the religious sentiments of those professing Christians who yet look to the Bible as their guide.

One of the strong features in the spiritual philosophy is, that we take with us to the Spirit-life our mental prejudices and conceptions of truth and error, and that we have there the great work to accomplish of learning our errors. And, as I understand it, this is a small work to do, and should teach us to pin our faith too strongly on the speculations of our "sainted" relatives who communicate with us. For instance, ask our Spirit-friends if Jesus was the son of Joseph, and you get the answer promptly, "Yes." Ask, "Do you know this, or is it only your opinion?" Answer, "It is our opinion, but how could it be otherwise under the existing and eternal laws of generation?" Ask, "Then, did the animal kingdom exist on earth before man, and progress to the introduction of humanity?" and you are promptly answered "Yes." But when you call for their exposition of that law of generation under which the animal could have conception and give birth to a higher kingdom without conflict with the existing and eternal law of "like produces like," they are unintelligible.

The first number (for March 1856) of this proposed new Monthly Magazine, devoted to the illustration of spiritual science, and edited and owned by JOEL TIFFANY, is now in type, and will be issued in a few days. It is filled with well digested and well elaborated articles, which can not fail to commend themselves to men of thought. Subscriptions, at \$3 per annum in advance, received at this office.

## MANIFESTATIONS IN CARACAS, S. A.

CARACAS, S. A., January 1, 1856.

PERMIT me to give you a New-Year's call. I sent a spiritual messenger out here in November, to ascertain the state of the cholera, before embarking on my voyage. On his report that the cholera had ceased, I came out with full faith, and the report was verified.

At the first circle I ever attended, I received a communication from my sister Susan, who died a infant before I was born. Subsequently she desired me to form a circle when I should return here. This was through the medium of Miss Kate Fox, at the Society Rooms, last summer. She promised to be here within half an hour after the circle should be formed. About two weeks since, three friends joined me in forming a circle, and my sister Susan manifested herself in about twenty minutes, by gently tipping the table, and then moving it toward me and tipping it against my breast, as much as to say, "I am here, and have fulfilled my promise," fully identifying herself.

The infusion of happiness I have already derived from Spiritualism surpasses all conception, and I would not exchange it for all the gold of California. This information I have received from a long line of my ancestors for a thousand years in England, comprising twenty-eight generations, having them before me face to face; for though invisible to my sight their real presence was undoubted. The immortal Spirits of some were waited on their Spirit-home by bright Spirits; others, on being freed from their earthly habitation, were sunk down into darkness, groveling with all their vicious habits imbibed on this earth, to remain in their loathsome locality for an indefinite period. But all those whom I conversed with had been elevated to the different spheres, from the second to the seventh, according to their development. The last of my ancestors who condescended to come and hold converse with me before I left New York, said he was born in London, June 22, A.D. 1821: religion, Roman Catholic; by profession a surgeon. From a similar life like this earth, though he had committed no particular crime, he died at the age of forty, and was consigned to darkness for the space of 100 years; but having repented and fulfilled those divine precepts to love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself—returning good for evil, and avoiding all evil Spirits except to benefit him—he was received into light, and is now happy. What a lesson is he held out to the evil doer, and of eternal felicity for those who live a virtuous and good life! Heretofore these great truths were imaginary; doubts of the future existed in the mind of the most devout Christian; but the reality is now unfolded to all who will take the trouble to investigate, not as religious enthusiasts, but with a calm, serene and reflecting mind.

Divine revelation, no science, is the rock upon which Christ has built his Church in this day of his *second appearing*. From that center all true science originally diverged, and to it all scientific truths will ever continue to converge. Therefore, Shakerism is not antagonistic to science, it being eminently progressive in its very nature; for itself is the direct result of the principles of progress in the human race.

Our little circle meets every night. The four members of which it is comprised are progressing in their development. My Spirit-friends reported, when I was in New York, that they would develop me as a writing medium. This I hardly believed. I asked one of the high Spirits of the seventh sphere, a few days ago, if the promise to develop me would ever be verified. "Yes," said he, "if you will sit for the purpose." On returning to my chamber I laid a sheet of paper on my table, took a pencil, and holding it over the paper, my hand was taken possession of and carried back and forward at lightning speed. Subsequently, on inquiry as to who the Spirit was who was acting as my writing master, it was answered that Dr. Geagan had been designated for that mission. This doctor had attended me in the Island of Trinidad, and subsequently came to Caracas, where he died. He is in the second sphere, and admits that his progress has been impeded by the superstition of his religious belief.

We have been visited by many highly developed Spirits; but the greater part who come to us are undeveloped Spirits from the dark abode below our earth. Some say that they come to deceive us—that they have been sent for that purpose, and with a view to break up our circle; others come, as they say, by stealth, to acquire knowledge and instruction, and to find out some way to escape from their dismal abode. One said he had been killed lately in a railroad car in the United States, and had come to us for advice and assistance to get out of the dark sphere: that several dark Spirits were in sight who had been sent to watch him. We gave him the usual advice to put his trust in God, truly and sincerely to repent of the sins committed in the body and in the sphere where he resided; to forgive all who had injured him, and by good offices to procure the forgiveness of those may have injured, and to implore God's assistance. All this, said the Spirit, I have done, and he said he saw a distant light in the opposite direction of the dark Spirits. We told him his faith had saved him; that some bright Spirit was approaching to give him succor; and in a minute he disappeared.

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The people continued to be influenced by the philosophers until they cast their old rulers entirely aside. Now they found themselves in a new difficulty, for they

## Interesting Miscellany.

## A GENUINE POEM.

Who shall judge a man from nature?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Papers may be fit for princes.  
Princes fit for something less,  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May belittle the golden one  
Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
Satn vast could do no more.  
There are springs of perfect crystal,  
Ever welling out of stone;  
There are purple buds and golden  
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prefers you and me,  
While his visage the highest  
But as pebbles on the sea.

Man upreared above his fellows  
Oft forgets his fellows than;  
Masters—rulers—lords, remember  
That your meanest hands are men—  
Men of labor, men of fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine  
In a man's enabling name,

There are loam-embroidered oceans,  
There are little weed clad rills;  
There are feebly high saplings;  
There are cedars on the hills;

God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prefers you and me,  
For to him all vain distinctions  
Are as pebbles on the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth and fame;  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Fed and fatigued on the same;  
By the sweat of other foreheads,  
Living only to rejoice,  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifted up its voice;

Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with liveness and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is sun by night.

God, whose wondrous voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me,  
Sinks oppression, with its tides,  
As the pebbles on the sea.

## THE BEGGAR BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

A miserly old beggar boy was found frozen to death on Wednesday night, (January the 21.) He was found by a butler on his way to market, early on Thursday morning, sitting on the steps at the entrance of the Circle, a public reservation between the "Six Buildings" and Georgetown, on Pennsylvania Avenue. His little dog was licking his face and hands, manifesting the most intense agony for his dead master.

The friend who told me this, said the boy came to his kitchen for alms. She on; dry asked him his name and residence, and of his parents. He proudly told his name and residence, which was near the Capitol in Georgetown; and when she said, "I will sometime go and see your mother," he replied, "You can go, lady, but you will never wish to go back once. I have no father, but John Hengel lives at my mother's."

At other times, when filling his wallet, my friend sought to know something of this boy's home, but he was silent generally, and from all she could gain from him, she inferred his home was made wretched by the cruelty of John Hengel and his mother's unkindness; that this boy was a beggar, to supply the wants of this man and his miserable mother.

Last Wednesday night was intensely cold. The stars shone like diamonds. This poor boy had been making his rounds, and was returning late at night, followed by his dog, with an almost empty wallet.

As the beggar-boy came up the Avenue, and passed Willard's Hotel, he saw its many guests happy in the warmth and comforts of wealth. He stopped on the pavement, and begged for money. He had dared not go home without the means to buy at least a pint of whisky, and he had only one cent in his pocket. But it was freezing cold, and those alighting from carriages hurried into the hotel, and those coming out could not be induced to unbuckle their overcoats to get to their pockets, so the poor boy utterly failed of success.

Sheltered by the Treasury, he ran along shivering, while Carlo, impatient of delay, was always running ahead. When the boy came around the corner of the President's Square, he crossed the Avenue, and looking up at the windows of the wealthy, he said, "O how cold it is! I have nothing in my pocket, nothing in my bag, and John Hengel will say I have spent all I have begged to day, and will kick me out doors, O, if I had been born in one of these houses! How bright and warm they look! They have rich, heavy curtains hanging loose, but not too close but what I can see through the chinks. There are two boys and three girls in that house; for I have seen them all so nicely and so warmly dressed in cloaks, fur caps, and mittens and gloves on their hands, going out to walk; but I have not a button on my shirt nor jacket, to keep them buttoned. Mother would not sew them on, and I have to hold my jacket together all the time. O, what joy it must be to be loved! To have a sweet, kind mother to kiss, and to have brothers and sisters to play with and to sleep with, in nice beds with plenty of blankets, and to have Santa Claus come down the chimney Christmas night with all sorts of pretty presents. My mother doesn't love me." Carlo here jumped upon his master, who was now alone, until he came under the shelter of a spacious mansion, when he halted, and looking up said to him self, "This is a big house, but nobody lives here, only a single gentleman. O, if we but had his son! I should be happy, so happy! but there's no place in this world for me. Why was I born? I will ask my Sunday-school teacher to tell me, if I can get my clothes fit to go to school. I wish I had died when I was a baby—then I should have gone to heaven; now, when I die, where shall I go? How cold the stars look! Can heaven be up there?"

"Yes, my boy," whirled his Angel, "Heaven is on high, and you will one day reach its mansions of blessedness, where the depth of present wretchedness will but enhance an eternity of joy. Cheer up, and hasten home! See, Carlo is impatient—he runs on and returns, and backs again."

The little boy had run onward, seeking the shelter of the buildings on the north side of the street, until passing from under the protection afforded by the "Six Buildings," he became exposed to sweeping winds pouring down from the heights of Georgetown and Kalorama. Benumbed and bewildered, he ran forward till he came to the Circle, with its high iron fence, and made for the gateway to gain the direct path across it, but the iron gate would not move; chilled and despairing, he sat himself down on the stone step. The little dog barked, and, by such eloquence as could command, prayed his master to get up and go on, but the boy had clinched his fist.

The Guardian Angel whispered him to rise and hurry homeward—not to go to sleep, on the peril of his life. To all these motions and promptings, the boy murmured his evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
And if I die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The angel could do more. His influences failed to move the soul of the boy. With earnest thoughts (like figures thrown upon a screen) passed under the inspection of the Guardian Angel. Already was the boy among the sunny days of his childhood; birds were singing in the trees; and butterflies of innocent beauty were fluttering about from flower to flower; for he was in a beautiful garden, and music filled the air. The Angel well knew his boy's hour had come, but there was no murmur in his spirit-soul against God's inscrutable providence. He had witnessed the many miseries of his change with the intense sympathy of his angelic nature, but he could say, "I can wait!" The Judge of all the earth will do right."

To him the future was all unknown, but he well knew the Messengers of the Highest would soon be at his side. And, as the pulse of the boy was fluttering, he listened if, perhaps, some belated citizen would come speedily, and yet resuscitate the dying child. But no sound was heard but the sighing of the winds, through the distant forest trees. Carlo became more and more frantic. His yeading bark, short and brief, but full of meaning, would have spurred on the distant traveler; but then

was no ear to hear, and, poor dog! he did what he could by licking the hands and face of his young master.

Swiftly came a Messenger from the Throne of God, bringing with him robes of light, and stood before the boy.

"I come," said the Messenger, "to wake this boy, to immortal life."

"I rejoice," replied the Guardian, "it has pleased the Holy One so soon to end his probation here. O, how unsearchable are his judgments toward the race of man, and his ways past finding out!"

"Man!" replied the Angel-Messenger, "is the enigma of the Universe. Look around! See, my brother, a city containing many churches, and not one asylum for the destitute."

"Wake! child of God!" At the touch of the Messenger, he uttered these words, the Spirit of the boy stood up beside the Angel, disenthralled. He was like one suddenly wakened out of the darkness, and brought into the broad day-light of day. Clothed upon with veements of light and beauty, he looked around him like one amaz'd. He was full of joy, but all was too new for him to comprehend what change had passed upon him.

"Let us go!" said the Angel.

"O stop!" said the boy; "I have a cent in my pocket—let me take that."

"No child of Heaven, you will need nothing of earth any more."

"But my dog! Carlo! O, let me call my dog! He is all to me. He only loves me. I can't go and leave him behind!"

"This last link of earth must be broken," said the Messenger of the Highest to the Guardian Angel.

The Angels then folding their arms about the Spirit boy, with the velocity of thought rose with the released soul up to the Paradise of God, leaving the dead body to the charity of a city rich in Christian churches, but with no House of Refuge for the outcast and the homeless.

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